

## Mrs. Woodrow Writes of The Financial Relations Of Parent and Child

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

When sometimes see parents who are the victims of their children, and again, children who are the victims of their parents. The extremes of either case are tragic.

I have received a letter from a boy who, under much family pressure, has become bewildered in that maze which confuses most of us at one time or another—How much do I owe to myself, and how much do I owe to others?

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow," he writes, "I often read your articles, and like the opinions you express. It occurs to me that perhaps you can satisfactorily solve a problem which confronts me. You no doubt are used to reading about the family which is at the end of the week. I would like to know what proportion of one's salary you think should be turned in at home for the support of the family each week.

### Works Extra Time To Help Pay Expenses.

"I am a boy, nineteen years of age, and receive a moderate salary. My parents insist that I give practically all of it to help pay home expenses. In fact, I keep out just enough money to cover my care and lunches for the following week.

"In addition to my day work I have also secured a job in the evenings, and work at it for three or four hours after leaving my day position. Out of the money I earn in this way my parents believe that I should buy my own clothes; so that at the end of the week I usually have no money left, although I work far more than the average young man. And because I am unable to save anything on account of this constant expense, I have become discouraged. Also my health is suffering as a result of the night work.

"While there are several members of our family who have to be supported, my father makes a good salary; and although I am willing to do my share, I really feel that I should be allowed to keep enough out of my salary to relieve me from the necessity for night work.

"My parents have given me a good education and believe that I should pay them back, although they say that no matter how much I give them, I will never be able to repay them for all they have done for me.

Never Will Be Able To Grasp Opportunity.

"At the present rate I will never be able to save any money or be in a position to grasp a favorable opportunity when it comes along, as with every increase of salary I receive, my parents expect a large share of it.

"Won't you please write an article on this subject at an early date, and give some suggestions that will be of help to me? Also, please say whether you think my parents are right in their ideas or if I am just selfish?" J. G.

It is an argument as old as the world, how far must youth be served and how far must it serve. The answer always depends on the circumstances of the case.

If this boy had aged or sickly parents, or little brothers or sisters dependent on him, there would be nothing for him to do but look after them to the extent of his ability. Those would be grim facts confronting him, and he could not decently evade them.

But as he states the case, there is nothing to warrant such conclusions. These parents seem to think that because they have cared for him in childhood and have given him a good education, he is bound to repay them by turning back all that he earns. It seems a curious rate of interest on parental duty.

He is evidently no shirker. From his letter I gather that he is intelligent, hard-working and willing to do his part. But what is his part? Unless the family is in desperate need, it certainly should not be every cent he makes.

Parents Regard Him As Business Property.

His parents appear to look upon him as a good business property; but if you have a farm, you do not take every cent it yields and spend it on other things. You put a good deal of it back on the soil, keeping it up and developing it so that it will produce still more. These parents convict themselves of a very short-sighted policy. They fail to see that they are really limiting themselves as much as they are him. They are literally throttling his initiative.

If the parents would try to see his side of the question and realize some of the sacrifices he is making, instead of continually harping on the outworn strain that no matter what he does he can never repay them, some basis of understanding might be established.

Since he is contributing practically all that he can make to the family exchequer, it is only fair that he have a thorough knowledge of how the money is spent, and an exact statement of the family expenses.

If these can be produced, it should be done. In fact, every effort should be made by the parents to encourage his ambition and help him get into the field of wider opportunities. In order to achieve anything, we have got to have a fairly free hand.

Equal to the Occasion.

During some amateur theatricals one of the performers had to leap into a river in order to escape from some wild beasts. The stage was so arranged that the river was invisible, but the actor was to be seen jumping from the cliff. Behind the scene he was to land on a soft mattress, while at the same moment a stone dropped into a tub of water created the necessary splash, but hearing instead the thunderous crash of the actor's body as it struck the floor, began to laugh, but the actor, though dazed by the fall, silenced them by shouting from below. "By heavens, the river's frozen!"

The Wrong Girl.

Ben—"Why did Lucille break off her engagement to you?" Bob—"Merely because I stole a kiss." Ben—"She must be silly to object to her fiancé stealing a kiss from her." Bob—"Oh, I didn't steal it from her."

PATHETIC FIGURES By FONTAINE FOX.

WILLIE DISCOVERED IN THE ACT OF ENTERING THE HOUSE VIA THE SECOND STORY SO THAT HE COULD CHANGE HIS TORN TROUSERS BEFORE ANYONE SAW THEM.



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## Gowns For Afternoon and Evening

Republished by Special Arrangement With Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine



For the smart woman is the suit to the left, made of radio twill and cut on slender lines with a Tuxedo collar of genuine Hudson seal. It is lined throughout with a good quality of peau de cygne. In navy, mahogany, or tabarin. The new bow is shown in the taffeta frock at the extreme right in turquoise, pale blue, Nile green and peach. In the centre is

a smart afternoon frock of crepe—a soft satin material—with sleeves in metal thread. Black with gold or silver, black, all navy.

## When a Girl Marries

A ROMANCE OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By ANN LISEE. CHAPTER XCIV.

WHEN I got back to the Washington, I found Jim waiting for me in a mood of the utmost nervousness and irritability. "Annie, I've a telegram here for you—but I've more than half a mind not to let you see it," he began. "From Neal?" I interrupted eagerly.

"Neal? Now why under the canopy would he be telegraphing you? No, it's from Terry. He wants you to come down there. But we're entertaining the Cosbys tomorrow night and I can't have you traipsing off now," snarled Jim.

"Why does Terry want me?" I asked, though I was afraid I knew the answer.

Jim took his hand out of the pocket where it had evidently been clenched over Terry's telegram. He took the yellow paper between the fingers of both hands and began perking at it to restore it to shape. After a minute he gave me the crumpled looking sheet, and pressing it down on the table, I read:

"Betty's arm comes out of cast tomorrow. Doctor has told me. Come at once. Know you won't fail us."

TERRANCE THURSTON. "The first morning train's about 11, isn't it?" I asked.

"There's a new train on at 10. I looked," expressed Jim, "and then to save you the bother, I telegraphed for you."

"A Vain Plea." "Tonight," asked Jim, refusing to meet my eye. "Why, you aren't going till Friday, Anne. You can't."

"I can't go to Betty when she needs me," I grasped. "Oh, come now—be reasonable, Anne. That cast can come off Betty's arm without your being there to make a hullabaloo over it. She's got Terry and a doctor or two and a few nurses to do all the cheering. You're giving a party Thursday night—your biggest clients."

"But you don't understand. I've got to go." "Sure I understand. You always think you've got to do pretty much anything but what I want you to. Now you listen to me, Anne. I'm running this. You can chase down there Friday, if you want to be at every one's beck and call. And that's a whole lot more than most husbands would stand for."

"Jim, you don't understand," I gasped. "It's the periods. There won't be any cheering when Betty's arm comes out of the cast. She isn't going to be able to use it."

"She isn't going to be able—Betty—lame? Crippled?" asked Jim under his breath, almost of himself. "Does she know?" His eyes changed mine for a moment and then dropped away to fix themselves appraisingly on his stiff ankle—the ankle that always dragged a bit when he walked. "No," I whispered briefly.

My moment had come and I knew it. "How could Terry keep it from me?" I mused Jim.

"Why didn't that fool doctor tell me?" "He didn't know," I confessed. "He didn't know?" She didn't know. What's all this mystery? Sounds as if you know all right."

"I do. Miss Moss made the doctor Terry?" demanded Jim. "He wanted to, but I stopped him. I said—I remember my exact words that I'd tell whomever had a right to know. And the doctor said he'd count on me. And I decided that Terry had a right not to know."

"How did you come to decide to play—Fate's voice was cold—colorless accusing almost. "They'd had such a good time winning through the happiness. You said they were ghost-hunting, remembering Aberton Bryce. Well, that very morning Miss Moss told me she'd been his nurse, and he wasn't good enough to tie Betty's shoestrings. They thought then Betty was going to be all right. It wasn't till after Terry had persuaded Betty to marry him next day that I heard about the unexpected complication and her having only one chance in a hundred."

"And did you think Terry wouldn't marry her—if he knew?" "I knew he would just the same, Jim. But he'd be pitying her then instead of just loving her. And I thought she'd feel the difference." Jim went on with his pitiless questioning.

"And suppose when the day came and they found out—suppose then they resented what you'd done, didn't forgive you? Suppose they judged you without waiting for you to explain how you dared—make their decisions?"

"I had to risk that, Jim," I cried. "Don't torture me with any more questions. I can't tell you how I love Betty and want her friendship. But I thought if I had to pay that to make her happy, I'd bear it. And I thought maybe you'd stand by me, by me you'd make them see that I meant to do the right thing."

(To be continued.)

## Twice-Told Tales

THE SLAYING OF ADA DENNIS.

THEY were waiting for the police, except to the priest in confessional confidence, or by confession from the slayer on his own death bed. Since the day they were first confronted with the case, Central office detectives and the entire police department, particularly those of the Second precinct, have had it in their minds.

The fact that a man was arrested and indicted for the killing of Mrs. Dennis heightens rather than diminishes the mystery. For the District Attorney realized the government had no case against him, and he was released.

Nor does the fact that a man living near the home of the slain woman indicated in a note which he left after committing suicide that he knew something about the crime shed any light on the case.

It was established that he was irresponsible at the time of writing, and that he was not in Washington when he was beaten to death.

At police headquarters there are two grim reminders of the Dennis case which will not let the police forget the killing. One is a blood-spattered, cherry-stained birch piano stool, now in the property room wrapped in a piece of torn and faded yellow paper and covered with dust. Attached to the piano stool is a tag bearing this inscription:

"Piano stool, the top of which was used in assaulting Mrs. Dennis, Officer Wegdon, December 11, 1901."

The other is a record in the homicide book which was made by Detective "Bipp" Phillips, a police department clerk, on October 22, 1902, the day Mrs. Dennis died, it follows:

"Mrs. Ada Gilbert Dennis, a fashionable dressmaker, was found in a room at her home in K street northwest, about 5 o'clock a. m. December 10, 1901, in an almost dying condition. She had been brutally assaulted by some unknown person. Her skull had been fractured, her jawbone broken, and her left arm almost severed from her head. Her left arm bore a number of bruises, as would be received in a struggle."

"Robbery could not have been the motive, for on a table at the foot of her bed was a small box in which there was a pocketbook well filled with money, as well as some money in the box, and nothing to hide it from view."

"It was about 5 o'clock when Mrs. Dennis was found. She was partially conscious when first discovered through Miss Mary Doyle and Mr. Smith Winchell, who were roomers in the house and heard groans through the heaters, or flue. They went to her room, which they found locked, and Mr. Winchell broke open the door, finding Mrs. Dennis in the above-mentioned condition."

"Mrs. Dennis was taken to Garfield Hospital in an unconscious condition. While being carried to the ambulance on a stretcher several agonizing cries indicated that the victim was conscious, and Dr. Atkinson, leaning over the patient, inquired:

"Mrs. Dennis did somebody hurt you?" "Yes, somebody," she replied. "Who was it?" "Never mind," she replied. "On December 18, 1901, Mrs. Dennis became conscious, but after being questioned for about thirty minutes made no statement, and was being justified an arrest."

"After hovering between life and death for more than ten months, Mrs. Dennis died at Garfield Hospital on October 22, 1902, about 4 a. m.

"Richard Cole, colored, who was employed at the house of Mrs. Dennis as a porter, was arrested November 1, 1902, charged with the murder and held by the coroner's jury for the action of the grand jury. Later the case was nolle prossed by the United States District Attorney, December 5, 1902, and Cole was released."

## Saving Money in the Home Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By ELIZABETH LATIMER.

\$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

How I Saved a Dollar

Here is a chance for every one to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW it was saved.

\$1 saved and \$1 earned by the telling of the saving makes \$2. How about it? Be brief and write only on one side of paper.

ELIZABETH LATIMER. I will award a prize of \$1 each day for one of the suggestions which I print.

than if the lining were sewed in. As the lining is more expensive than either coat, I saved several dollars by this plan. Very truly yours, MRS. LUCIA R. NAYLOR. Kentworth, D. C.

Attention! Prize Contestants! Here Are Economy Prize Rules!

Many readers sending in suggestions for Economy Prizes have asked that only their initials be used and their full names and addresses withheld. This is quite impossible for obvious reasons. On the other hand, some of the other contributors might, with very good reason, wonder and question whether the prizes are being awarded to actual Washington persons. Therefore I cannot give a prize unless I give the full name and address of the winner. This makes a fair arrangement all around and protects everyone concerned. I did make one exception in the case of a young university student, but I cannot make any more.

I will gladly print any suggestions or help sent in by readers and use only their initials in these suggestions are not sent to compete for Economy Prizes, but if anyone wants a prize they must be willing to have their names used. Unless I hear to the contrary, I shall take for granted that all who have previously sent in prize suggestions are willing to have their names used.

Wear the Laurels of Your Economy With Pride.

Personally, I cannot see any reason for sensitiveness on this point. Everyone in every walk of life is feeling the pinch of the high cost of living. No one should be ashamed of economizing. On the other hand, extravagance or living right up to one's income or beyond are the only reasons for self-reproach in these times.

With Bernard Baruch, who can banter and sell most of us, openly asserting that he does not intend to buy any new clothes this fall because his tailor is charging \$100 for a suit and his boot maker, \$45 for shoes, I am sure that Mr. Carter Glass, the Secretary of the Treasury, confessing he is wearing patched trousers, none of us need to conceal the fact that we are being thrifty.

Let me make economy a point of pride, knowing that by it we are increasing the amount of production and doing a little to bring down the cost of living.

In answer to your inquiries, I want to say that the winning of one prize does not bar a reader from contributing other suggestions. It's the idea—not the person that counts—an idea that will help all the other readers of the column to solve their problems.

Anger, another injurious emotion, is the child of fear. If we do not fear, we do not become angry and hate. Worry, fear and anger have been truly called the grossest forms of egotism—moral self-imaginations.

Fear is due to superstition and ignorance and its victim is a slave. It invites the very evils that we dread. It paralyzes, depresses, and prevents healing. "It creates imaginary evil, and gives it its fictitious power."

We do not come into the world lacking the foundations of courage. Fear is an acquired trait. Unnatural conditions of living engender it. Undoubtedly courage needs to be systematically exercised, but we possess it we must not allow it to lie fallow and atrophy. Normal man should court danger. It is said that accustomed one's self to air-pilots is a great dispiritor of timidity and nervousness, but many more available means are at hand.

We constantly exercise fear. Why not courage. Is it not clear why timidity is cultivated until they develop enormous proportions and become second nature in the individual? Why not do as much for a good quality? Worry is only a habit, but fearlessness is a habit, too.

The emotional nature is susceptible to training, subjection and control, and the ends thereof are useful and productive. Worry is a useless preoccupation.

The cure of fear will have begun when the foregoing truths are perceived, and when realization comes that worry is economically and otherwise unprofitable. Many a neurotic has been cured by learning to drive an automobile, to ride a horse, to swim, or by accumulating himself to great heights, in such ways substituting courage for fear.

## The Coward and Disease

By Brice Belden, M. D.

FEAR is the most injurious of emotions. Worry and fear mean the same thing: from a medical point of view.

Many nervous disorders are due to chronic anxiety. The extent to which people are obsessed by dread of hereditary or contagious disease is very great. The advertisements of patent medicine purveyors excite nervous people to fear imaginary diseases. Thunder and lightning reduce them to abject terror. Sometimes they fear persons or places. Not infrequently their fears are too vague to be described.

People cannot be well who are in bondage to fear. Every individual who is ruled by fear is like an oppressed nation; he needs to be emancipated or to emancipate himself; he lacks self-determination.

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## The Rhyming Optimist

By ALINE MICHAELIS.

HAVE some peas and beans and bacon? Eat and hear the lusty yell of the pirates overtaken. Uncle's swatting H. C. L. Have some pie cracker full of cherries, just like mother used to make? Have some jam of plums or berries? Have a bit of ginger cake? Have some soup that's good and filling. Corn that tastes like roasting ears? Say, friend, isn't it plumb thrilling listening to those proverbs? Do you reckon life's as cruel as those hardened chaps make out? Take a little oxtail gruel while we hear them wail and shout. I will say the prospect's pleasant at the food-shark's wild display. Did he bother when our larder was as bare as bare could be? Nay, he only squeezed the harder, going up the price of tea; speaking sadly of the butter, promising that it would soar, smiling gayly at each remark, pricing sugar more and more. Though fate frowns him, does it matter? Shall we go to his relief? Seldom have we ever eaten fare like this on of old time. It's small wonder Fizz was beaten, that the Doughboys smashed his line. Yes, it helped to lick the foe; Kamerad, they cried with tears, and it's working like the yocems as it swate bold profters. Have another dish of peaches? Gee, it's fine to hear them squall; Uncle's got an arm that reaches, and that arm will swat them all!

### True Art.

With frowning brows a famous artist was transferring to canvas the beautiful Highland scene before him, and furiously wishing that the spectator who was breathing down the back of his neck would go away. But that spectator was a "sticker." "Man," he said, presently, "did you never think I'd try photography?" "No!" snapped the artist, as he went on painting. "I wunner at that, no!" said the spectator. "It's a hantle quicker as well's bein' mair like the place!"